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RELATION

OF AN

Old Woman

That was Drowned at

RATCLIFF High-way

A Fortnight ago.

Whereunto is added, the Old Woman's Dream before her Departure, being full of wonderfull Admiration.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Thackery* at the *Angel* in *Duck-lane*.

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BIBLIOTECA·ROMENSIS

A Strange and Wonderfull Relation of an Old Woman that was drowned at *Ratcliff High-way* a fortnight ago.

IT was last Sunday morning, at four a clock in the afternoon, before Sun-rise; going over Highgate-hill in a Coach I met with a Man I observed, I asked him, If the Old Woman was dead that was drowned at Ratcliff High-way a fortnight ago, he told me he could not tell; But if I were a little further, I should meet with two men a Horseback upon a Mare, in a Blew Jer-

kin, and a pair of Freestone Breeches and they would give me true intelligence, so when I came up with the fellows, they thought I was a Bailor which came to rob them, and therefore ran from me, but I furiously pursued before them. Their Horse for haste died under them, so that one of them for madness drew forth his sword and kill'd him, the Horse for vexation seeing himself dead, ran away as fast as he could, leaving them to go a foot upon another Horse back Forty miles. Friends said I, I mean you no harm, but pray inform me whether or no the Old Woman be dead that was drown'd at Ratcliff High-way a fortnight ago, they all told me they could not tell, but if I went a little further I should meet with two Men driving of an empty Cart full of Apples, and Millstone in the midst, and they would give me true Intelligence; but when I came up with them, they could not satisfie me neither but told me if I went to the water-side there lid one Sir John Vango that would give me intelligence, so going up to the Water-side; I hoop'd and hallowed but could make no body hear: At

last

last I heard six country Lads and Lasses fast asleep, playing at ninepins under a Haycock made of Peale straw in the midst of the Thames, and eating of roast bag pudding freezing hot: but at last I met with two the Watermen, that carried me clean over the water, and landed me up to the knees in mud, and when we were in the midst of the Thames in Ratcliff High-way, one of the the water-man espied a Swan, and swore if he had it at home, it would make a brave Goose-Pye.

At last I arrived at Sir John Vang's House, 'tis a little House all alone encompassed with forty or fifty other Houses having a brick Wall made of flint stones round about it, knocking at the door, Gammer Vangs, (his wife) appeer'd: Gammer Vangs, said I, is Sir John Vangs within? Walk in, said she, and you shall find him in the little, great, round, three square Parlour. This Gammer Vangs had a little Old Woman to her Son, her Mother was a Church-Warden of a Trop of Hogs, and her Grandmother was a Justice of Peace,

But when I came into the little, great, round, long, three square Parlour, I could not see Sir John Vangs, for he was a Gyant but I espy'd abundance of wicker-bottles, and just as I was going out, he call'd me, asking what I would have: So looking back, I espyed him just a creeping out of a Wicker-bottle, (it seems by profession he was a Wicker-Bottle-maker) and after he had made them, crept out at the stopper holes: Sir John Vangs, said I, Is the Old Woman dead that was drowned at Ratcliff High-way a fortnight ago, or no. No sure, said he, for if she had been dead, she would have sent me word, for she is a near kinsman of mine, but I confess, said he, if I lived there to this day, I had been dead seven years ago. Well, Sir John Vangs good by then said I, I must be satisfied before I can rest contented, No, said Sir John Vangs, you shall not before you have dined, for I have a fin of Pork, and a leg of Salmon for my Dinner, and a hinder quarter of Lamb of a Cow-calf for Supper, and a Sack-posset made with White-wine: and when we have

Dined,

Dined, I will shew you the greatest wonder that ever was in the World.

After we had dined and eaten up all what we left we set up for breakfast the morning before: presently after the Country Gentlemen play'd at Bowls with Turneps in a Leg of Pork, and never greas'd their Cloaths: before Sir John Vange would shew me the great wonder, I must go up into the Cellar and drink a cup of Bread and Cheese with him: so we went into the Cellar seven Stories high; and there he had a little Dog a handful high, he called him Swift, Swift, said I, Hang him, he is too little to be good for any thing. You are mistaken, said he, this Dog Swift killed me a Hare yesterday: I'le be hanged then quoth I. Come and go along with me (said he) and you shall see her alive in a Basket. Hold a little (quoth I) your Dog Swift killed a Hare, go along with you and I shall see her alive in a Basket, that's a Bull: Do you fool, said he, a black Ox with a pair of Horns upon his Head, and pair of Tods between his legs (that's a Bull) Be-

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sing stand Bread and Cheese enough, I went to see this wonder, it was a Child three months old a thrashing of Tobacco in a Well: going thitherwards he went into one Room out of another, before we could come to the Well.

The first Room that we entred, I espied two of his Daughters a spinning of Charcoal, and in another Room two more a cleaving of Deal Boards to make Cardmatches off. It was in a very dark Sunshine night.

Coming into the Orchard Sir John Vangs shewed me an Iron Pear-tree I gathered as many roasted Apples off thence, as six and forty Men could eat, And eat them all my self in the twinkling of an Eye. Close by this Iron Pear-tree was a Ditch full of Cream, where was abundance of Frogs a forging of Gunpowder: But when we came came to the Well, the little Whipper-Snapper three months old, thrasht with such force, that he struck a Corn of Tobacco out of the Cod through the Well Hoes, and through a Brick Wall one yard thick, and killed a Dog dark stone dead

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on the other side of the Wall. I heard him Bark afterwards. Wondring what the business was, I leapt over the Wall which I could easily do, for it was no higher then Pauls Steeple, and seeing the Dog dead, I run my hand down his throat, and took him by the tail and turn'd his inside outwards, the Dog he run down Bucklers-Berry, and I for my security leapt into Greenwitch-Park.

But Roving in the Park at last I met with Toby the Huntsman's Wife. How now Toby, said I, what sport? have sport last night, said she, but better this morning. Why what sport last night? Toby, said I, There came a fellow, said she, into the Park last night, and I up with my Quarterstaff, and cut off both his eyes at one blow? how can that be? said I, the Dam of that's a whisker: quoth she, say me in the conclusion of my story, if I do not make it appear to be true, believe me never a word I say? Well, well, what sport this morning then? said I, here were, said she, Sir Countrey Lasses danced all night stark Naked with their Cloaths

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on, and never stirred a foot; That's as damnable a one as the other, said I. Tax me, quoth she, in the conclusion of my story, if I do not make it appear to be true, believe never a word I say. and just as she was going about to tell me how it was performed, she espy'd a Buck, and then remembred she had a warrant in her pocket to kill a Buck for my Lord, so she bent her Bow, and gave fire to her Arrow, she brake fifty Ribs on one side, and fifteen on the other side, shot quite through him, and never touch't him. Toby did not much value the Buck, but the arrow she most esteemed, the want of which put Toby to a non plus: It seems close by was a Fish-pond, and just as she shot, a Pike of Six Yards long, was leaping at a fly, so she shot him quite through the head, and killed him, and as the nature of Fish is, when wounded, they swim to shore, so she went and took him up alive, but for all this Toby would not lose her Arrow, at last she finds it stuck in a hallow-tree she pulled it out and it felt clammy, she smelt of it, and it smelt of honey, the whore had killed a Bee's nest, so wipping her

ev arrow on the grass, she sprung a Covey of Partridges, some say she killed nine, but that I have forgot, I am sure he killed eleven of them besides a Pheasant that stood perching on a Tree. As for the rest it would be too tedious now to repeat. Ere long, Sir John Vangs, Mrs. Nabs, and Mrs. Doelittle will give a true account, whether or no, the old woman be dead or alive, that was drowned at Ratcliff High-way a fortnight ago.

But behold, I had almost forgotten to give account how Toby struck of the man's ears at one blow, thus it was, (as Toby informs me) the fellow came to steal venison, and had a Helmet on his head, and she up with her quarter-staff and cleft his helmet so that one half came down on one side of his head, and the other half on the other side and so carried away both his ears: this may very well be, said I, the rest said he is as true as this.

One of these men, Humphry by name, who lived in Ratcliff High-way just as you

you go to Branford, was horribly enamour'd upon a maid, a boatman's Wife who lived at the sign of the Plain at Thistleworth; he was a handsom young man of eight and forty years of age, and was notable for a great crumpshoulder; he had little or no calves to give a reputation to his legs, the vertue of the crumpshoulder; had attracted it all to his head of higher parts: and when he did feed himself, it was told him, that he did feed like a Calf, that which he did eat being always on the upper part of the tongue, as all calves, which he could not deny, are accustomed to eat when they wink or suck. This man meeting with his sweet heart Susan in the middle of a green meadow which had lately been plowed up, said unto her, never stir, nay, sweet Susan, I would walk twenty miles out-right to do you good. I hold my tongue to thank you. Replyed Susan, and will go twenty miles to requite the faction you do bear unto me, but my mother is so afraid, she would not have any place in the world to see me in the room where you are; why said Humphry; I would have her to know that I am as well able to keep you, as her

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lyed Humphry; though you lye abed eve-
y morning till two of the clock in the
fternoon, I can call you up as early as
your mother, I have a ſong purpoſely.

Awake, ariſe, pull out your eyes,
and ſee what time of day,
And when you have done pull out your tongue
and ſee what you can ſay.

THE

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her self, but yet I am not so rich as she is. Truly Humphry, said Susan, though you know I am a great pains taker, yet I do love my bed as well as I love my self, and do never rise untill my mother comes up the staires, and doth chide me down to Dinner; no matter for that replyed Humphry; though you lye abed every morning till two of the clock in the afternoon, I can call you up as early as your mother, I have a long purposely.

Awake, arise, pull out your eyes,
and see what time of day, (tongue
And when you have done pull out your
and see what you can say.

THE

The Old Woman's

DREAM

A little before her Death.

TWo Men lying in a bed together, the one fast asleep, took the keys and unlockt the doors of the House, and took Bow and Arrows, and went to a Wood or Chase about a mile from the House, and kill'd a Buck or a Doe, and then did hide the same in the Wood, and then came home again, unlocking and locking the doors, and laid the keys where he found them

them, and so went to Bed again. Now the other Man that lay awake with him, followed him, and saw what he acted, but he would not go to Bed, but staid a while in another place to see the event. And as soon as the wand'ring sheep was again in his Bed, he handled his Dagger, stabbing and thrusting his Bed-fellow, fearing he should discover him, and by and by awaking, said, alas! what have I done? I have slain my Bedfellow.

The other Man answered, *I am not killed yet, God be praised*; then said he, I was a dreamed that I killed a Buck in such a place,

place, and that thou didſt ſee me where I did kill him and hide him, and fearing thou wouldſt betray me, I did think to Kill thee; but I am glad, ſaid he, it was but a Dream; then the other ſaid, if it was but a Dream, then thy Dream is true, for thou haſt performed all thy Dream, except my killing; which he would not believe till next day, when he that lay with him carried him to the place where the Buck lay, as he before told him in his Dream.

A Wonderfull thing if it were true!

FINIS